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Puck

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THE EXTERMINATION OF TAMMANY WITH A STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN TICKET.

PLATT'S "LIVING PICTURE"—AN AWFUL FAKE.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 27th, 1894. — No. 903.

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• CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOMETHING TOO GOOD TO SPOIL. IT is a curious thing to say of an institution that is at once an honor and a reproach to its founders; that its foundation is eminently desirable, and ought never to have been desirable at all; and that, its promises of good and evil being well-nigh equally balanced, it deserves to be heartily and generously encouraged. Yet all this may be said with truth of the scheme for the foundation of a Municipal Art League which is now on foot, with thousands of warm wishes for its good success behind it. There is no doubt of the goodness or of the wisdom of its general aim. It is not generally known or clearly understood that this is an association of artists and civic officials of the city of New York, who propose to work together for the general betterment of civic art. The idea is that the artists shall learn to understand the officials better, and that the officials shall learn to understand the artists better, and that between these two increases of knowledge we shall get better statues in our parks, better fronts on our school-houses, and, generally and specifically, better looking public buildings all around. This surely is good; but surely it is bad that it should be necessary to organize, in a great and prosperous city like this, the leaders of the world of art and the world of politics, to bring them to an understanding on matters that should be their common concern.

If there is a public building to be erected, it should be the first interest of the man in public life who has the work in charge to look about him for the architect who will make the most creditable display for the city, giving preference, of course, to the local architect, whose interests are bound up with those of the town he has to serve, whose heart will be in his work, and who will be better inspired than any stranger to build for himself a lasting monument, in building for the town where his children will live to learn of his fame. And, on the other hand, it should be the ambition of every artist to gain for himself an immortality so noble and so beautiful. These truths were as plain as pike-staffs to the burghers and artists and artificers of Europe hundreds of years ago, and they were clear enough to the men who built the New York City Hall, and some of the older buildings at Washington. Unfortunately for the community, the tendency of modern times has been to draw these two classes of minds so far apart that they hardly ever think of each other. Both are of value to the community, and the community benefits by their coöperation. Each has grown to look on the other with a distrust based on a distorted estimate of character. The artist has learned to believe that the man in politics is necessarily corrupt, ignorant and ungentlemanly. The politician thinks the artist is naturally weak, unpractical and effeminate. These are two grossly exaggerated estimates of personal qualities, based upon certain truths that apply in some cases, and do not in others. If the Municipal Art League brings these two sets of people to a better understanding, each of the other, and does nothing else, it will yet do well.

But we hope and trust and expect that the Municipal Art League will do far more than merely bringing two classes of citizens together. It has in it the promise and potency of noble work. The ability of New York's public officials is of a high average. Their motives and their aims have been called in question, in some instances, no doubt, justly; in other instances, no doubt, unjustly. There is room enough for reform, beyond question, but room enough, also, for respectful admiration of the good work done. If these expert and skillful men are willing, in every way, to work together with the artists of the Municipal Art League, there is no doubt that they may beautify the city exceedingly, and increase her perennial charm.

It rests with both parties to the contract to bear patiently with the other's differences and peculiarities. It is not easy for a man whose whole life is given over to the management of municipal finances to see at a glance why the modification of a certain architectural design may absolutely destroy its whole value as a work of art. Nor is it easy for a dweller in the world of art to understand that an appropriation is an appropriation, and that if \$287,000.25 is set aside for the construction of a building, and if the heating and plumbing of that building can not be provided for at a less cost than \$87,000, there will be only \$200,000.25 to be spent on the rest of the building, which may not cover the cost of the design which is the pride of that particular artist's heart, and is much

admired by his friends. The Municipal Art League can do good. We believe it will do good; but the good it does must come from a square and fair alliance between artists and public men. There must be patience and toleration on both sides; a fair-minded willingness to consider the other man's idea and respect his ideals; and, above all, there must be, among both allies, an earnest, unselfish, patriotic desire to serve the city they live in, which it is for them to make beautiful and desirable among the cities of the earth.

A Timely Treat.

We make no idle boast in thus describing "Puck's Domestic Comedies; Pictures in Colors and Black-and-white, by F. M. Howarth," which is just off the press. It is uniform in size with "Pickings from Puck," and its beautifully illuminated cover opens the way to fifty-six pages of first-class entertainment,—the unique brand of entertainment for which Mr. Howarth has become famous. The "Comedies" have been carefully chosen from this artist's work in "Puck." Besides the single comics and the series in black-and-white, there are eight full-page series in color. Mr. Howarth is the author as well as the artist of this work. The text is made up of a host of dialogues and jokes, all showing his characteristic humor. "Puck's Domestic Comedies" will prove a never-failing fountain of mirth to every one of its lucky buyers. You will find it conspicuously displayed in the stock of all enterprising newsdealers; or, you may procure it direct from the publishers of "Puck." In either case it will cost you a quarter. (By mail, 30 cents.)

THE WISE RAT.

A FABLE BY AESOP UP TO DATE.

A wise rat, who had long made his home in the hold of a pirate ship and fattened exceedingly on the rich plunder he found there, was much alarmed to notice that as the ship grew older it became less seaworthy. In every gale its timbers groaned, and its masts quivered. In short, the rat saw that the ship was doomed, either, by reason of its own rottenness, to go down in some sudden storm, or to be vanquished and sunk by some good ship of the many that were pursuing it. Knowing all these things, the rat set to work to make himself a raft. Diligently did he toil, night and day, until he had formed it; and then he bided his time, still fattening on the plunder. It was not long before the old craft encountered a storm of Popular Indignation. It had gone through many of these, but this was the fiercest it had ever encountered. To make matters worse, an aggressive man-of-war, "Investigation," hung upon its quarter, seemingly aided by the increasing storm that threatened to send



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the old pirate to the bottom. The rat waited until he saw the good ship "Investigation" about to open fire; then he jumped, landing securely on his raft, and was quickly borne to a place of safety.

MORAL.

Rats desert a sinking ship. But very few of them have forethought enough to make themselves a raft before they jump.



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THE WAY HE LIKED HER.

MRS. INNIT.—Grace, are you sure Mr. Huggard loves you for yourself alone?
GRACE INNIT.—I am sure of it, Mama! When he calls he hates awfully to have anyone else come into the room!



A RAINY DAY.

A cross the way there is a face,
A face against the window pane,
Gazing over here at me
While I stand gazing at the rain.

The falling rain is all I see;
I do not see the pair of eyes
That look so laughingly at me,
And then look up into the skies.

I do not see the pure white teeth,
Nor smiling lips—I would not deign—
The smiling lips that smile at me,
While I stand smiling at the rain.

I do not see the shy moustache,
(To try would almost be in vain.)
Nor e'en the hand that teases it,
For I see nothing but the rain.

'T is gone. How dismal is the scene!
Without that face against the pane!
I will not stay—I'll go away—
No more I'll stand and watch the rain.

M. L. Church.

BLACK BAD LUCK.

MR. MOKEBY COON (*solemnly*).—I'se not sooperstitious, needer does I b'leve in signs; but does yer remember de odder night at der club, w'en dar was thirteen niggers at dat table?

MR. YALLERBY (*in horror*).—Oh, Lordy! yes; who's daid?

MR. MOKEBY COON.—No one, yo' fule! But me an' every niggah dar played 1-3-13, an' it neber come out!

TRUTH is mighty; but it will not prevail in a horse trade.

THE GREAT beauty of adversity as a medicine is that it is not sugar-coated.



TIT FOR TAT.

EDITOR "Bean County Clarion and Farmers' Friend."—No, Silas Hopkins, you can't expect me to take such a scraggy, mean lot of vegetables as that for subscription to my paper for next year.

SILAS HOPKINS.—Well, you oughter, then! Them's the kind o' vegetables I raised from follerin' your advice in your "Hints to Farmers" column.



BY H.C. BUNNER.

VII.

“THE MAN WITH THE PINK PANTS.” (Concluded.)

THAT WAS ALL. Nothing more. But, as the lineman said of the two-thousand volt shock, “It is n’t necessary to see some things to know that they’re there.”

Now I want you to note the devilish ingenuity of that phraseology. To speak of “pink trousers” would serve only to call up an unattractive mental picture. “Pink breeches” would only suggest the satin knee-breeches of a page in a comic opera; but “pink pants” is a combination you can’t get out of your head. It is not English; the word “pants” is a vulgar contraction of the word pantaloons, and we don’t wear pantaloons in these days. But “pants” is the funniest word of its size that ever was invented, and it is just about the right word for the hideous garment it belongs to. And whether there’s any reason or logic in it or not, when I put those two little cheap words together and say “pink pants,” I am certain of two things. First, you have got to smile; second, you can’t forget it to save your neck. And that’s what Mr. Thingumajig knew. I think he had everything laid out in his mind just as it was going to happen.

Meecham got that letter, and laid it aside to show to Silo; but as he sat at his desk and worked, the salient phrase kept bobbing around in his mind; and, finally, he said aloud:

“Pink pants! What in thunder are pink pants, anyway?”

His foreman heard him, and looked at him in amazement.

“Pink pants,” he repeated; “that’s a new one on me.”

Meecham picked up the letter again, and knit his brows as he studied it.

“That’s right,” he said; “that’s what it is.”

The foreman came and looked over his shoulder.

“Pink pants,” he repeated; “that’s right.”

A man who had just come into the office looked at the two speakers with astonishment. Meecham knew that he had come to put an advertisement in the paper, and so he showed him the letter.

“Well, I am damned!” he said.

“That’s right, though. It’s ‘pink pants,’ on your life. But where in blazes would a man get pink pants, anyway?”

When Mr. Silo saw the letter he told Meecham to “burke” it; and Meecham put it in the waste-basket. The next day Silo made him take it out of the waste-basket and print it. He explained that so many people had asked him about the letter—and he said something to Meecham as to his methods of running the office—that he thought it better to print it and let people see for themselves how absurd it was, or else they might magnify it and think he was afraid to print it. Meecham did not say anything at the moment. He did not like being blown up any more than the rest of us do, however; and, when he had got the letter safely printed and out before the public, he said to Silo:

“You did just right about that letter. It would n’t have done for a man of your position to have folks going around asking where you were on any particular Thursday evening.”

“Why, no!” said Silo; “of course it would n’t. Lemme see; was that the day the infernal crank picked out?”

“Thursday night, the eleventh,” said Meecham, his finger on the calendar; “between nine and ten o’clock at night. Now, of course, Mr. Silo, you know just where you were then.”

“Why, of course,” said Silo. “Lemme see, now. Thursday the eleventh, nine, ten at night. Why, I was—no—why—*Thursday, the eleventh!*—Oh, thunder!—no—it can’t be! Oh, certainly! yes; that’s all right, of course! Is that Mr. Smith over there, the other side of the street? I’ve got to speak to him a minute. I’ll see you to-morrow. Good-night, my boy!”

* * *

How much of an expert in human nature are you? If I tell you that Mr. Silo insisted on having every first impression of an edition of the *Echo* sent to his house by special messenger the instant it was printed, whether he was at home or not, and that he did this just to make Meecham feel

the bitterness of the servitude of debt, what do you deduce or infer from that? That somebody else was tyrannizing over Silo? Quite right! Mrs. Silo was a woman who opened all of her husband’s letters—that came to the house. And she looked at Silo’s paper before he saw it himself.

And when Silo got home that day, Mrs. Silo was waiting for him. Mrs. Silo and the copy of the *Echo*, with the letter concerning Mr. Silo and the pink pants. Mrs. Silo wanted to know about it. If Mr. Silo was in any doubt about Thursday night, the eleventh,

Mrs. Silo was not. On that night Mr. Silo had been expected out on the train leaving New York at eight o’clock. He had arrived on the train leaving New York at ten o’clock. There was no trouble at all in identifying the night. Mrs. Silo reminded him that it was the night of the day when he took in a certain hank of red Berlin wool to be delivered to Mrs. Silo’s mother, who lived in 14th Street; which, as Mrs. Silo remarked, is not a quiet street. She also reminded Mr. Silo that on his appearance that evening she had asked him if he had delivered that hank of red Berlin wool at the house of his mother-in-law, and he had answered that he had; that his lateness was due to that cause; and, furthermore, that his dear mother-in-law was very well.

To this Mr. Silo responded that his statements on Thursday evening were perfectly correct.

Then Mrs. Silo told him that since the arrival of the paper she had made a trip to New York to inform herself as to the true condition of affairs. And, furthermore, on Thursday the eleventh, Mrs. Silo’s mother had been confined to her bed all day with a severe neuralgic headache, all the other members of the family being absent at the bedside of a sick relative; the cook had had a day off, and the aged waitress, who had been in the family twenty-five years, was certain that no one had entered the house up to the return of the absent members at eight, sharp, when, the sick relative being by that time a dead relative, the house was closed. So much for furthermore. Now, moreover, the hank of red Berlin wool had arrived at the house in Fourteenth Street four days after the date in question. It came through the United States mail, wrapped up in a sheet of tinted note-paper, scented with musk, and addressed in a sprawling but unmistakably feminine hand.

Mr. Silo made an explanation. It was unsatisfactory.

* * *

It had long been known in the town that suspicion was rife in the Silo household. It was now known that suspicion had ripened into certainty. Events of that kind belong to what may be classed as the masculine or strictly necessary and self-protective scandal. News of the event goes in hushed whispers through the masculine community—the brotherhood of man, as you might say. One man says to his neighbor, “Let’s get Johnston and go down to Coney Island this afternoon.” “Johnston is n’t going down to Coney Island this week,” says the neighbor. “Johnston miscalculated his wine last night, and Mrs. Johnston is good people to leave alone this morning.”

(Concluded on page 298, this number.)

OUT OF SIGHT BUT NOT OUT OF MIND.



FATHER (aside).—Ever since I forbid that young Spindle comin' around here, Mary does nothin' but stand down there at that gate the whole evenin', all alone. (Aloud.) Mary, Mary! Come in the house at once!

THOUGHTFUL OF HER.

CLARA (who is going to Europe).—Won't you come down to the steamer and see me off to-morrow?

MAUDE.—What's the use? It would only make me feel badly.

CLARA.—But I thought you would like to meet some of the men.

THE RELIEF OF TEARS.

"I've been to the funeral of Norton's uncle, who left him everything."

"Was Norton's grief uncontrollable?"

"Yes; he could n't shed a tear."



MARY.—Yes, Popper; I'll be in there in one minute! Good night, George, dear!

IN DARKEST PHILADELPHIA.

BLEECKER.—Heavens! Old man, this town's dull. Here it's not eleven o'clock, and the streets are like a graveyard.

BIDDLE B. BIDDLE (proudly).—Well, you just come with me; I can take you around on Chestnut Street and show you a restaurant that keeps open all night!

NOT THE SAME.

"And so she is really a burlesque actress?"

"Yes. Not a real, sure enough actress, you know;—just a burlesque of one."



THE AWFUL RESULT OF RECENT HERESY TRIALS.

MRS. HAYRICK.—You ought to be ashamed of yerself, 'Biah Hayrick; an' you a perfessor, too!

HAYRICK.—Lizy Ann, don't you dast ter call me a perfessor again! I'm jest as ortherodox as you be, or Deacon Elderberry, either.

HOW THEY SUFFERED.

JIGGS.—The cable car has added three more victims to its long list.

JAGGS.—Good Heavens! You don't say so! How did it happen?

JIGGS.—The cable broke after they had paid their fares.

DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.

"Did your son carry off all the honors at college?"

"No—all the signs."

MAMA.—Now, Bobby, say your prayers.

BOBBY (after the usual "Now I lay me").—And please God make me a good boy; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

YOU CAN'T have your penny and your cake; but if you are sufficiently able and unscrupulous, you can have your penny and some one else's cake.

HE (rejected).—You wring my soul!

SHE.—That's better than wringing clothes.

MRS. DOGOOD.—What is your business?

WEARY WALKER.—I have started to go around the world in the greatest possible number of days.



THEY ALWAYS DO.

KITTY.—You're not going to send that hideous Indian idol for a wedding present, are you?

TOM.—Yes; I've got a bet that the bride will write a charming little note thanking me for my "beautiful and exquisite gift."

THE LITTLE RIFT.

"Did you read," he sweetly asked her,
"That poem I wrote last week?"
"I read it years ago," she said;
And now they do not speak.

K. M. C.

A REASONABLE APPREHENSION.



UPON the demand of the little four-year-old daughter to "tell me something" an ambitious father recited the lines of Shakspeare, beginning, "Hark, hark, the lark." Here and there he changed a word, so that the little girl might understand, and the little girl listened intently, as if in some degree, at least, she felt the magic of the ever-living poet.

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings—
"Um-hu!" said the little girl.
"And the sun begins to rise,
To water his horses at the springs
That lie in the pretty flowers—"
"Better look out!" suddenly cried the little girl;
"those horses eat up those flowers." Williston Fish.

JESS.—Did n't Mr. German act as a gentleman should?
BESS.—No; he acted like a "gent."



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PLAIN TO BE SEEN.

MISS BOARDMAN.—What kind of bird could it have been that built its nest here where it can be so easily despoiled?

MISS SUMMER GIRL.—Well, I'm not much of an ornithologist; but it must have been a jay.



FROM HEADQUARTERS.

FEATHERSTONE.—I hear you are going to move, Mr. Ringway.

RINGWAY.—Move! I should like to know where you heard that.

FEATHERSTONE.—Your landlord told me.

AUXILIUM AB ALTO — The Derrick.

NOTHING DISGUSTS a man so at lack of punctuality as to arrive at a meeting-place fifteen minutes late and find his friend not there yet.



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REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

PAINTING INSTRUCTOR.—Ze young lady puts ze paint on too thick.

MRS. NEWRICH.—Oh, never mind that, Professor! Her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it if she wants it.

THAT JEWEL OF A GIRL.

MRS. BARKINGTON (*from the depths of the pantry*).—Delia, what have you done with that salad I made yesterday?

DELIA (*the new girl*).—Sure, Mum, I threw it out; it had turned sour.

ATTRACTI0NS.

BROWN.—What makes you think of spending your vacation at Clam Shell Beach?

JONES.—Well, I hear there's not a room to be had in any of the hotels for love or money, and the boarding-houses are putting cots in the parlors!



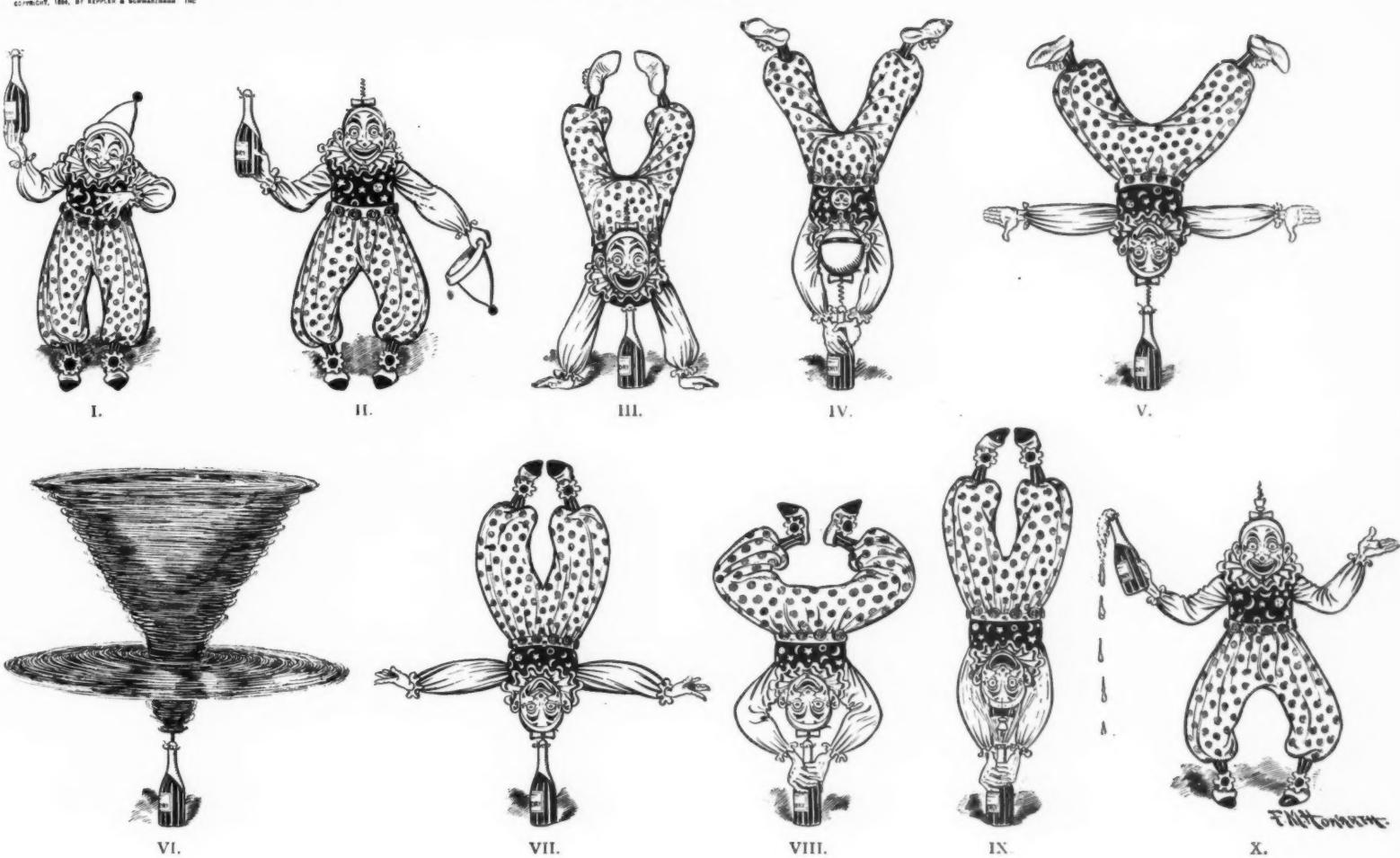
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NOT A DEAD LOSS.

FRIEND.—Excuse me, Mr. Bloomenberg; but why do you dress your boys in dose bright green clothes?

BLOOMENBERG.—Vell, you see, I bought a roll of billiard table cloth at auction last month, und could n't sell it—und I had to do something mit it!

A CURTAIN RAISER.



A DEAD MAN.

BROWN.—I heard a Democrat speak well of Senator Hill to-day.
JONES.—Oh! it's customary to speak well of a man after he is dead.

FITTED FOR IT.

PIPKN.—What are you going to do with your son when he gets out of college?

POTTS.—I think some of sending him to school.

FROM THE STEAMER.

SHE.—Are n't those fireflies pretty on the Jersey shore?

HE.—Those are not fireflies; only suburbanites picking their way home with lanterns.

THE CHIEF VALUE OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

QUIDNUNC.—Of all the things you learned in college, what particular piece of knowledge do you value most?

DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE.—How little the other men know.

UNPROFESSIONAL.

WOOL.—They have old Marks, the lawyer, indicted for robbing a client.

VAN PELT.—I should think that was legitimate enough, for a lawyer.

WOOL.—But, you see, he did it out of office hours.

PEOPLE DO a great deal of talking about the lost art of conversation.

LOVE IS a charming hostess—but an exacting guest.

IT IS astonishing how far a little masculine remorse will go with a woman.

MRS. SEEAWAY.—I can't imagine why they have female customs inspectors, anyway.

SEEAWAY.—To get all the stuff back into women's trunks.



THE REASON WHY.

DEACON SKINNER (severely).—My boy, for whom are you procuring that accursed drink?

CHIMMY O'HEARN.—For me Fadder.

DEACON SKINNER (still more severely).—And why does your Father send you to such a dreadful place?

CHIMMY O'HEARN.—Aw, wotcher givin' us? 'Cause Casey gives der biggest pint; wot else?



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PUC
THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD SCARE
THE AWFUL SCENE THAT WOULD ENSUE IF INVESTIGATORS LEXOW AND GOFF



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BUILDING, N.Y.

LD SCARE OUR THICK-SKINNED SENATORS.
KOW AND GOFF SHOULD UNEXPECTEDLY APPEAR IN THE U. S. SENATE CHAMBER.

In a case so much more serious than a mere case of intoxication as Silo's was supposed to be, you can readily understand that the scandal of the pink pants spread through the town like wildfire. Silo had already resigned from the vestry, so all the vestry could do was to pitch in and see that he did not get the ghost of a show as a candidate for the assembly. It was not much of a job, under the circumstances, and the vestry did it very easily.

"Well, but what *had* Silo done?" I asked the Doctor. "And what were the pink pants, anyway?"

"Silo had n't done a thing," replied the Doctor. "Not a blessed thing — except to tell a tiny little bit of a two-for-one-cent-fib about that hank of worsted. I met Mr. Thingumajig in Chicago last year, and he told me how he worked the whole scheme. The gist of the invention lay in the 'pink pants.' Any fool can put up a job to make a man's wife jealous; but it takes the genius of deathless malevolence to invent a phrase sure to catch every ear that hears it; sure to interest and puzzle and excite every mind that gives it lodgment, and to tie that phrase up to an individuality in such a way that it conveys an accusation almost without form and void, and yet hideously suggestive of iniquity.

"That is just what the little newspaper cuss did with Silo. He was bent on revenge, and he gave up a certain portion of his time to shadowing him. You must remember that, while he had reason to remember Silo, Silo had hardly any to remember him. Well, he told me that he dogged Silo for days — months, even — trying to catch him in some wrong-doing. But Silo, big and blustering as he looked, with his whiskers and his knowing air, was an innocent, respectable, henpecked ass. Outside of business, all that he ever did in New York was to go to his mother-in-law's house at his wife's bidding to execute shopping commissions and the like. For instance, this hank of Berlin wool the old lady had bought for her daughter; the shade was wrong, and the daughter sent it back. Mr. Thingumajig never mind his name now — had been tracking Silo on his trips to Fourteenth Street for weeks, and had just learned their innocent nature. His soul was full of rage. He got into a green car with Silo, going to the ferry. The evening was hot. Silo dozed in the corner of the car. The hank of red Berlin wool lay on the seat beside him. Mr. Thingumajig saw it, and saw the letter pinned to it, addressed by Mrs. Silo to her mother. In that instant he conceived the crude basis of his plot — to appropriate the hank, suppress the letter, souse the wool with cheap perfume, get his wife to re-address the parcel in her worst hand — and to rely in pretty good confidence on Silo's telling a lie at one end or both ends of the line about the missing wool. Silo was not much of a sinner, but a man who loses his wife's hank of Berlin wool and goes home and owns up about it is a good deal of a saint. The chances were all in Mr. Thingumajig's favor."

"But," said I, "when you had met Mr. Thingumajig and become

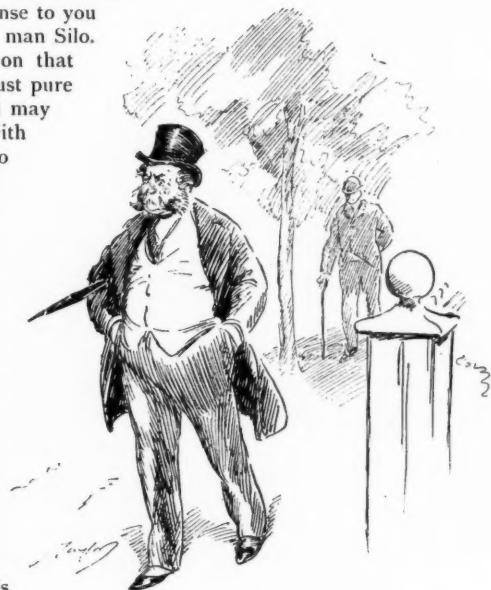
possessed of the plot, why did n't you come back here and tell all about it, and clear up poor Silo?"

The Doctor looked at me pityingly, almost contemptuously.

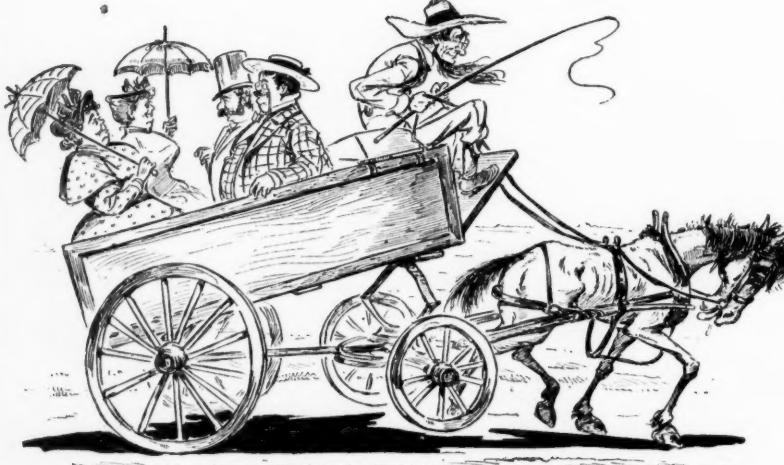
"My dear fellow," he said, as if he were talking to a child, "what was my word to those pink pants? I tried it on, until I found that people simply began to suspect me, and to think that I might be Silo's accomplice in iniquity. There was n't the least use in it. If I talked to a man, he would hear me through; and then he would wag his head and say, 'That's all very well; but how about those pink pants? If there were n't any pink pants how did they come to be mentioned?' And that was the way everywhere. I could explain all about poor Silo's foolish little lie, and they would say, 'Oh, yes, that's possible; a man might lie about a hank of wool if he had the kind of wife Silo's got; but how about those pink pants?' And when it was n't *those* pink pants, it was *them* pink pants. And after a while I gave it up. Silo had got to drinking pretty hard by that time, in order to drown his miseries; and of course that only confirmed the earlier scandal. Now, Silo never was a man that could drink; it never did agree with him, and he has got so wild recently that Mrs. Silo has her two brothers take turns to come out here and try to control him. Of course that makes him all the wilder."

At the end of Main Street I parted from my friend, the Doctor, and shortly I crossed the pathway of another citizen who had seen the two of us bidding good-by.

"He's a nice man, the Doctor is," said the citizen; "but the trouble with him is, he's altogether too credulous and sympathetic. Now, I would n't be a bit surprised if he'd been making some defense to you of the goings on of that man Silo. He's a sort of addled on that subject. May be it's just pure charity, of course; and may be, equally, he was in with Silo when Silo was n't so openly disgraceful; but if you want to know what that man Silo is, I'll tell you. The people around here, sir — the people who ought to know — do you know what they call him, sir? Well, sir, they call him, 'The Man with the Pink Pants.' And do you suppose for one minute, sir, that a man gets a name fixed on him like that without he's deserved it? No, sir; your friend there is a good man, and a charitable man, but as for judgement of character, he ain't got it. And if you're a friend of his, you'll tell him that the less he has to say about 'The Man with the Pink Pants' — the better for *him*."

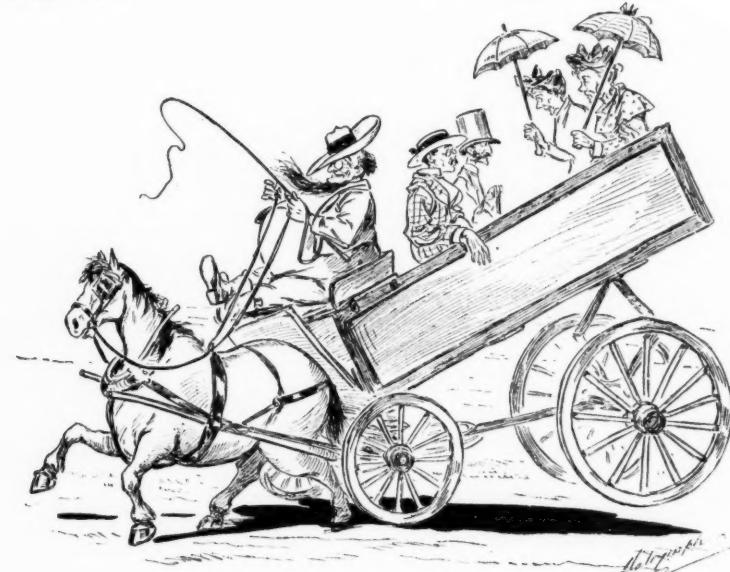


"AS YOU LIKE IT."



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARTZ, INC.

GOING TO THE RURAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN JUNE.



LEAVING THE RURAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN SEPTEMBER.

A MOUSE IN THE AUCTION ROOM.



AUCTIONEER. — Ladies and gentlemen, the last chance on this beautiful antique mirror — Going! —

— Going!! —

A TALE OF THE SEA.

PARKER.—Were n't you on the "City of Hoboken" when she raced the "Caliphatic?"

BARKER.—Yes; and we'd have beaten her if the captain had had a little more nerve.

PARKER. — What could he have done?

BARKER.—Why, we all wanted him to throw some of the cargo overboard!

THERE ARE still people in Brooklyn who think a fly-ball is "out" on the first bounce.

LOFTY IDEALISTS are usually men who are too lazy to work.

EXECUTIVE ABILITY is the faculty of getting some one else to do your work.



— GONE!!!

WHEN THE WOMEN VOTE.

MRS. HICKS.—We have a cook now that promises great things.

MRS. DIX.—So?

MRS. HICKS.—Yes; she's the leader of the district. I had to raise her to twenty-five a month, in order to get John a place in the Custom House.

LOOKING FORWARD.

ISAACSTEIN, JR.—Fader, you are dying.

ISAACSTEIN, SR.—Yes, Jakey. C'ndt you hurry up dose adverdizing fans we orterdt?

AN AID TO REALISM.

MANAGER.—Nobody knows what trouble we have with supes. Now, look at that "Roman populace" on the stage. They are supposed to mob the hero and try to tear him to pieces; but you can hardly hear their voices, and they don't act with any vim at all.

LOBBY LOUNGER.—If you'd like to see them pounce on the leading man like a pack of wolves, just make them sit in the audience and suffer with the rest of us until the time comes to pounce.

THE CHICKENS COME HOME.

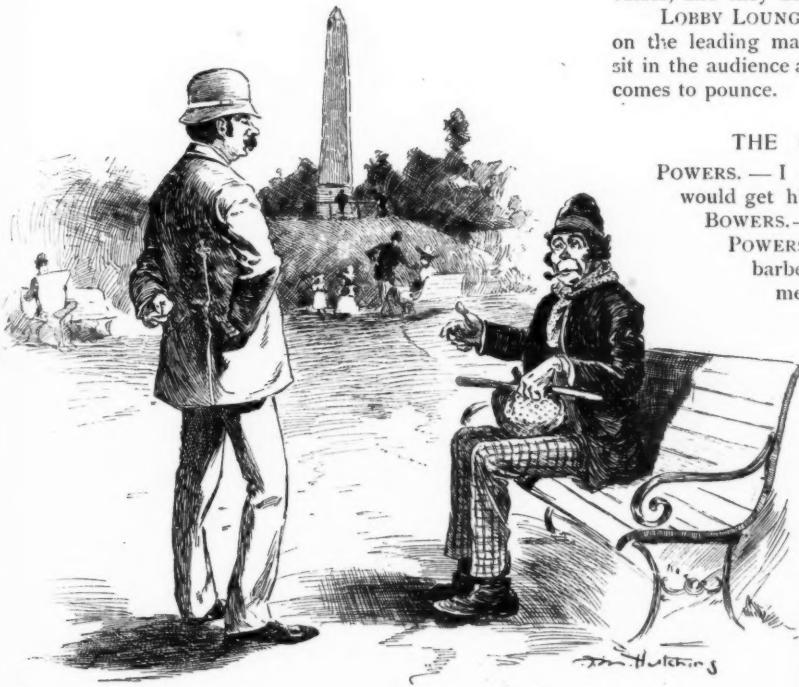
POWERS.—I always thought Peffer's Populist friends would get him into trouble some day.

BOWERS.—What have they done?

POWERS.—I hear that a delegation of Kansas barbers has called on him to demand employment.

THE MAN who gets as large a salary as he thinks he deserves, is generally overpaid.

BY VULCAN'S net I'm badly caught,
No matter how I swear;
My wife found on my coat a lot
Of peroxide-colored hair.



A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Begorry, phwat's that?

PARK POLICEMAN.—Obelisk.

NEW ARRIVAL (to himself).—Oi niver heard of O'Bellisk; but judgin' from his gravestone he must av been hoigh oop in Tammany Hahl.

Our ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please bear in mind that the large circulation of PUCK obliges us to go to press nearly three weeks previous to the day of issue; the advertising forms of this number were closed on Friday, June 8th, and those for PUCK of next week were closed on the 15th inst. As advertising space in PUCK is always in great demand, Advertisers are requested to place their orders for space well in advance, so as to secure insertion on the desired dates. The advertising rate is One Dollar per Line.

DISCOUNTS on space bought at one time, and to be taken out within one year from date of order:

5% on 50 lines.	15% on 300 lines.
7 1/2% " 100 "	20% " 500 "
10% " 200 "	25% " 1,000 "

Smallest advertisement inserted is three lines.

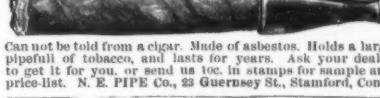


It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the reel. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YAWMAN & ERBE,
Rochester, N. Y.

DOES IT.

THIS IS A PIPE.



PACKER'S TAR SOAP is undoubtedly the best Shampooing agent known. It does not dry the hair, but makes it soft and glossy; and is refreshing and beneficial to the hair and skin. Physicians order its use in treatment of Dandruff, Baldness, and Skin Diseases.



Served at all Fountains and Buffets.

Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Where to Go this Summer

The Direct Line to MANITOU and PIKE'S PEAK is

The Great Rock Island Route

Ticket takes you through Denver, going or returning, at the same price, or take the direct Manitou line. (See map.)

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR SYSTEM.

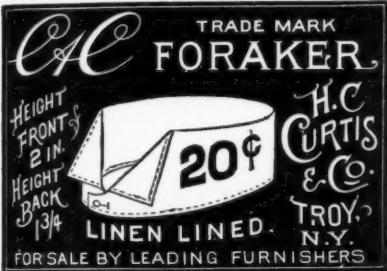


Our Big 5 is the train. Leaves Chicago at 10 o'clock every night and arrives at Manitou second morning. Quick trip. Most excellent equipment. Dining Cars, Chair Cars, and superb Pullman Sleepers.

Don't fail to go to top of Pike's Peak by the Cog Railroad. Wonderful experience. Your Ticket Agent can tell you all about it and sell you ticket with your Colorado Tourist Ticket, should you so desire.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Chicago, May, 1891.



Victor Bicycles

All about the best bicycles ever built since the world began is contained in the Victor catalog which will be sent you on request, or it can be obtained of any Victor agent.

The Victor Resiliometer, the only tire testing machine in existence, has proved conclusively that

Victor Bicycles

the Victor Pneumatic Tire is the most resilient of any. Victor Tires, like Victor Bicycles, are unequaled, unapproached.

Why not ride the best?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA DETROIT
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
PACIFIC COAST:
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES PORTLAND

Victor Bicycles

Victor Bicycles

A BOY eats until he can't hold any more, and then grabs his hat and makes a rush for the door.—*Atchison Globe*.

When the young man of the present day extorts a brief vacation from his unwilling employer, he attire himself in a shirt of violent and vivid stripes, takes a large stock of white collars that do not match it, buys a fishing rod that he does not know how to use, and a collection of flies that he can not remember the names of, and goes away to some sporting resort, preferably the Adirondacks, because of their combined convenience, safety and proximity to a basis of supplies of canned goods. How to best serve himself and to crowd a great deal of good time into small compass,

the young man with the striped shirt may best learn by consulting a wonderful book called "HEALTH AND PLEASURE, ON AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD," issued by the N.Y. C. & H. R. R., as No. 5, of the "Four Track Series." It is a wonderful book, containing more information to the square inch than any book of its class in the world, and peppered so thick with really artistic engravings that it looks more like a costly picture book than just a plain, ordinary guide book, which is all that it really is. Send five 2-cent Stamps to Mr. G. H. DANIELS, Grand Central Station, New York, and secure a copy while they last.



DARE DEVILS, BOTH.

CHARLEY RIVERS (*at the Brooklyn Wild West*).—Aw, y' know, could we secuh a situation widing bwonchos? We think we could give some of you fellah's pointahs, don't y' know.

OKLAHOMA BILL.—Well, Podner, what experience hev you had?

CHARLEY RIVERS.—Well, Gussie and I rode down all the way heah from Centwral Park on old style high bycycles, don't y' know!



When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SOME of the King's Daughters are so pretty, it is hinted that he is to have some sons-in-law.—*Atchison Globe*.

"CANADIAN CLUB"

Distilled and bottled by
HIRAM WALKER & SONS,
LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. "Canadian Club" Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

A 5-ounce sample, with the usual Government guarantee, will be sent prepaid, by express, to any address in the United States on receipt of 50c. in stamps.

LONDON.
69 and 70 Mark Lane, E.C.

NEW YORK.
1232 Broadway.

CHICAGO.
223 & 224 Monadnock Block.

WHATEVER you do, don't play horse with your friends.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE RALEIGH BICYCLES.

On All World's Championships
OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 2081-3 7TH AVE., NEW YORK.
CYCLE CO., 289 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and all Equipments. Send stamp for catalogue, 400 illustrations. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.



Wheeling companionship
makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on

TRUSTY RAMBLERS

there is an added sense of security.

"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."

HIGHEST GRADE MADE.

Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

THINK 2 THINKS
IN CHOOSING DRINKS AND
HIRE'S
Rootbeer

WILL LINK YOUR THINKS.
Deliciously Exhilarating, Sparkling, Effervescent. Wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate. Ask your store-keeper for it. Get the Genuine. Send 2 cent stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO.,
Philadelphia.

At a good restaurant
you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF,
as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa
tells you how.

100 of her recipes sent postpaid by Daudy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

THE NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Stretches in unbroken length from St. Paul to Pacific Ocean. Presenting the most sublime and majestic panorama of scenery in the world. One round-trip ticket to Mount Rainier, California and Pacific Coast points, with choice of return by a different route. Round-trip tickets to China, Japan, Australia and Hawaii. Every comfort and luxury of modern travel characterizes the equipment of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. Send for detailed information. F. L. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., W. W. FINLEY, Gen. Traffic Mgr., Saint Paul, Minn.

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND
METAL POLISH.
Best and cheapest. 1-pound box 25 cents at dealers. G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

73. **On the Go.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The Summer Stampede.
72. **Spring Sprouts.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Garden and other Truck.
81. **Hodge-Podge.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Things and Thingabobs.
80. **Frills.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Faddy Folks.
79. **Weary Raggles.** Being PUCK's Best Things About the Man from Nowhere.
78. **Sleigh-Bells.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Winter Wrinkles.
77. **Youngsters.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The Juvenile Jumble.
76. **Happy Family.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Animal Antics.
75. **Gadding.** Being PUCK's Best Things About the World Afloat.



THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.
EDITOR.—You wish a position as proof-reader?

APPLICANT.—Yes, sir.

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper, just blame 'em on me, and I'll never say a word." — *N. Y. Weekly.*

A HALF-LEARNED LESSON.

TEACHER.—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?

BOY.—For looking back.

"Yes; but why did she look back?"

"I—I guess some other woman passed her." — *Street & Smith's Good News.*



In ... Evans' Ale

you have the result of years of experience and conscientious effort of a firm whose sole aim has been to produce the

Best Ale in the World.

Has it succeeded?

Old-time Ale Drinkers say so, and so did the Judges at THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Sold everywhere.

C. H. Evans & Sons,
Hudson, N. Y.

COLD COMFORT.
FUSSY PASSENGER. — Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid that if we pay money to you, that you will steal it?

CONDUCTOR (with dignity). — Certainly not! They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

THERE are a good many things a man would like to buy a dime's worth of, but can't get without taking the whole box. — *Atchison Globe.*

If all the devils were cast out of some folks there would n't be hardly enough left to look at. — *Ram's Horn.*



Suffering the Tortures of Eczema

And yet lives in ignorance of the fact that a single application of CUTICURA will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, when all other remedies fail. CUTICURA works wonders, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases," free.

THE DRAW IN POSITION.



DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New selected invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.** Mention PUCK.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Annual Sales 6,000,000 boxes.

"AN UNSPEAKABLE SIREN."
A LOVE EPISODE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

BY JOHN GILLIAT,
In Summer No. (12)

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS,

JUST OUT.

In addition to the above great prize story this Number contains more than 40 short stories, poems, burlesques, jokes, etc., especially selected for Summer reading. For sale by all Book and Newsdealers, at Railroad Depots and on Trains, or send 25c. for a copy, or 50c. for a set, or for \$2.50 this Number, as well as the previous **Summer Prize Novels** of this great series, will be sent postpaid. Remit by Check, Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter to TOWN TOPICS, 205th Ave., & 1128 B'way, New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 Cents.

74. **In-Doors.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Family Failings.
73. **Cracked Ice.** Being PUCK's Best Things About the Sweltering Season.
72. **Hash.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
71. **Steady Company.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Keeping It.
70. **On the Rialto.** Being PUCK's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.
69. **Rainbows.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Humanity's Happy Hallucinations.
68. **Lonelyville.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The Place and The People.
67. **Cash.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.
66. **Snowballs.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Frozen Fun.
65. **Biddy.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Our Kitchen Aristocracy.
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60. **Them Lit'ry Fellers.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.

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55. **Young 'Uns.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The Kid in Various Stages of Development.
54. **Emeralds.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Sons of the Old Soil.
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52. **Fresh.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The Unsalted Generation.
51. **Whiskers.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Our Country Cousins.
50. **Spoons.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Moony Mortals.
49. **Fads and Fancies.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Various Vanities.
48. **Across the Ranch.** Being PUCK's Best Things About The World on Wheels.
47. **Here and There.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Happenings in Both Places.
46. **Togs.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Rags, Tags and Velvet Gowns.
45. **All in the Family.** Being PUCK's Best Things About Our Happy Households.



FOR 6 CTS.

In Postage, we will send
A Sample Envelope, of either
WHITE, FLESH or BRUNETTE
—OR—
**POZZONI'S
POWDER.**

You have seen it advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it? If not, you do not know what an Ideal Complexion Powder is.

POZZONI'S

besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather. It is Sold Everywhere.

For sample, address
J. A. POZZONI CO. St. Louis, Mo.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman St.,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**GRAFTON'S TOURS
TO
ALASKA
VIA
CALIFORNIA
OR
YELLOWSTONE PARK**

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS
J. J. GRAFTON,
195 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

**Expert
Mechanics
Make Perfect Work.**

Our shop is not run by a lot of Theoretical Men — only practical tailors and cutters of long experience are in our employ.

Hence our garments are of the Top Notch Perfection order — "warranted to fit well and easily—and guaranteed to wear."

111 Broadway,
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Ninth Street.

**Nicoll
The Tailor**

C.O.D. \$2.98
An EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!
\$10.00 FOR \$2.98

FREE!

PUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you by express, C. O. D. a box of our very fine Cigars, which are priced at \$2.98 and this beautiful 14 Jewel Gold Filled Watch for only \$2.98. We send the watch and box of cigars together. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the express agent our Special Extraordinary Price, \$2.98, and we are yours. The watch is beautifully engraved and is equal in appearance to a \$25.00 gold filled watch and a perfect time keeper. We make this extraordinary offer to introduce this special brand of cigars and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sold to each person at this price. Write to-day.

**THE NATIONAL MFG.
& IMPORTING CO.,**
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Patent Covers for Filling PUCK, 75 Cts.
By Mail, 90c. Address, H. WIMMEL, PUCK Build'g, N.Y.

FELLOWS who paint the town red over night are liable to feel blue in the police court in the morning.—*Texas Siftings*.

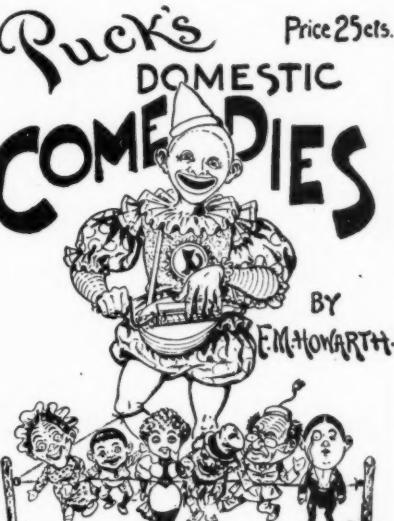
A MAN who drinks Missouri River water is liable to have sand bars in his stomach.—*Atchison Globe*.

Duminy Champagne.

Vin Brut, vintage 1889.
Extra Qualité Sec, vintage 1884.
ANTHONY OECHS, 51 Warren St.,
SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.

20th Edition — Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
D. M. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book." —*Athenaeum*.

**OUT Monday,
July 2nd.**



56 Pages in Colors and Black-and-white; every word and every line by
F. M. HOWARTH.

"PUCK'S DOMESTIC COMEDIES"
is for sale by all Newsdealers and Booksellers; mailed to any address on receipt of 30c. in U. S. Stamps, Silver or Postal Note.

Address: PUCK, N. Y.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES

Body and
Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS
and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO., 55 West 15th St., NEW YORK.

The Pennsylvania's Summer-Traveling Guide.

The Summer Excursion Book of the Pennsylvania Railroad for 1894 is out, and presents an unusually meritorious appearance. Great care has been exercised in its compilation, the technical information being especially reliable.

The great variety of routes suggested, the exhaustive schedules of rates, the graphic descriptions of about four hundred places, the explanatory maps and the illustrations, make the volume exceedingly valuable and almost indispensible to those contemplating Summer touring.

A nominal charge of ten cents is placed on each copy, which can be obtained on application to ticket agents or the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia. Ten cents extra will be charged for mailing.



A DULL man often makes a cutting remark.—*Ram's Horn*.

MENTALLY DEFICIENT

Children of good family can be accommodated with excellent home and tuition in elementary branches, with refined family-surroundings, in beautiful and healthy country seat. All References. Address: "GOOD HOME," Box 85, Oradell, N. J.

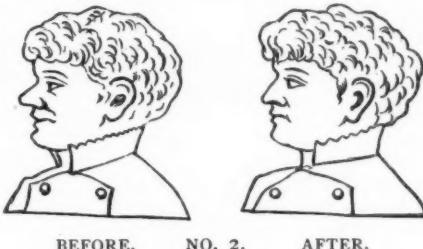
It is rarely that a man has the good fortune to encounter a bartender who mixes a uniformly good cocktail. When he does discover this paragon, it may be that he is seldom within reach. Or, if one is his own cocktail creator, he has too often had the sad experience of finding the bitters, the vermouth, or some other essential, "just out;" and this plight will occur in his most thirsty moments.

All this is avoided by having a case of the Heublein Club Cocktails in their call; they are made of absolutely pure, well-matured liquors, compounded in accurate proportions, and are deliciously blended. You find them at all leading grocers. For yachts, camps, picnics, or the bachelor's cupboard, they are a blessing undisguised, and are pronounced a household necessity by those who know what a good cocktail is.

A RURAL GUIDE.

LARGELY EMPLOYED TO POINT OUT
METROPOLITAN PLACES
OF INTEREST.

No. 2 illustrates what can be done at the John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, in the way of transforming that prominent and important feature, the nose. We produce them here, not only because they are interesting in showing what can be accomplished, but also because they show what a wonderful change



in the expression is effected by merely modifying the size and shape of the nose. The change is made by a very ingenious surgical operation, an illustrated description of which was given in the *N. Y. Tribune*, April 29th, 1894.

ALWAYS look at your worries through the wrong end of an opera glass. Examine your joys with a microscope.—*Texas Siftings*.

MANY a man puts a fine monument over the grave of his wife, who made her get up and light the fire every morning of her life.—*Ram's Horn*.

Remarkable Preservation is a characteristic of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. Always the same; is perfectly pure; entirely wholesome; free from substances foreign to pure milk. A perfect product accomplished by a scientific process.

COOK'S IMPERIAL World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne"; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicate flavor.

SUNSHINE AND GOLD! A Denver Suburban Lot for \$50, on 50,000 gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal mines. Panic prices. Safe to 0/0 loans placed. Circulars free.

JOHN E. LEET, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.

Lovell Diamond Bicycle.

WITHOUT a shadow of a doubt the Lovell Diamond is without a peer in the world of Bicycles. Words can not express the wonderful success of this year's wheel. Results count. The sales have been phenomenal, away up into the thousands. Any one wishing to buy a Bicycle can make no mistake in selecting a Lovell Diamond. WHY?

THE first and greatest reason is that the John P. Lovell Arms Co. have produced a machine this year that is materially, mechanically and artistically perfect.

It is the lightest, strongest, most durable and best made wheel on the face of the globe.

This statement is substantiated by the skilled mechanics of the country who have thoroughly examined the wheel.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION:

One of the well-known bicycle dealers of Boston, who has handled all grades of wheels for the past 15 years, and is considered by wheelmen throughout New England to be one of the finest cycle experts in the country, made the following statement on Sunday, April 22, in the columns of the Boston newspapers:

"IF you can produce a better Bicycle in this country or in any other than The Lovell Diamond '94 Model Safety Bicycle we will give you \$1000 in the coin of any realm for each and every such wheel produced."

We stake our business reputation of over 50 years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.

BICYCLE CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

**John P. Lovell Arms Co.,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.,**
Manufacturers of Bicycles, Firearms and Sporting Goods, 147 Washington St., 131 Broad St.

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Arrives Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 9:30 A. M. to-morrow.

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A MODERN BO-PEEP.

(With Apologies to Mother Goose.)

LITTLE BO-PEEP cares naught for Sheep,
Her mind is on her bangles.
From ball to ball she flutters, all
In satin, lace and spangles.

Her dainty bodice thick with jets,
Her Virot toque a-tilting;
While cutest criss-cross slipperettes
Peek just beneath the quilting.

This blithe Bo-Peep, *sans* thought of Sheep,
With chaperon old and scheming,
With arching glance, floats through the dance,
Beneath the candles gleaming.

I asked Bo-Peep about the Sheep:
Did not she miss their bleating?
Then up she took her little crook,
And smiled a smile most fleeting.

For, Little Bo-Peep cares naught for Sheep;
That sort of thing's all gammon;
BUT,
She worships, they say, a calf, — well-a-day! —
The Golden Calf of Mammon.

C. McCormack Rogers.